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but can never accomplish the object sought for. It is a very significant fact, that some of the most imperfect lunatic hospitals in our country were preceded by the most diligent and extensive personal investigations on the part of the building-committee. True, no other method would be likely to be followed by entire success, but flagrant and intolerable errors might be avoided. Let building-committees advertise for plans, submit them, when offered, to the examination of men practically conversant with these institutions, and obtain their views respecting the plans, and their reasons for or against each of them; and then they are in a position to decide satisfactorily upon conflicting opinions. Their decision may be erroneous in many respects, but it will have the merit of being intelligent and well matured. This is the course adopted with regard to other edifices, and we see no reason to believe that it is not equally applicable to hospitals for the insane.

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- ART. V.—1. *The Works of JOSEPH ADDISON. Edited, with Critical and Explanatory Notes, by GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE.* New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1854. 5 vols.
 2. *The Spectator; a New Edition, carefully revised, with Prefaces Historical and Biographical, by ALEXANDER CHALMERS, A. M.* New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1853. 6 vols.

THERE is not a name in the annals of English literature more widely associated with pleasant recollections than that of Addison. His beautiful hymns trembled on our lips in childhood; his cheerful essays first lured us, in youth, to a sense of the minor philosophy of life; we tread his walk at Oxford with loving steps,—gaze on his portrait, at Holland House or the Bodleian Gallery, as on the lineaments of a revered friend,—recall his journey into Italy, his ineffectual maiden speech, his successful tragedy, his morning studies, his evenings at Button's, his unfortunate marriage, and his holy death-

bed, as if they were the experiences of one personally known, as well as fondly admired; and we muse beside the marble that designates his sepulchre in Westminster Abbey, between those of his first patron and his most cherished friend, with an interest such as is rarely awakened by the memory of one familiar to us only through books. The harmony of his character sanctions his writings; the tone of the *Spectator* breathes friendliness as well as instruction; and the tributes of contemporaries to his private worth, and of generations to his literary excellence, combine with our knowledge of the vicissitudes of his life, to render his mind and person as near to our sympathies as they are high in our esteem. Over his faults we throw the veil of charity, and cherish the remembrance of his benevolence and piety, his refinement and wisdom, as the sacred legacy of an intellectual benefactor.

This posthumous regard is confirmed by the appreciation of his coevals. Not only did Addison find a faithful patron in Halifax and a cordial recognition from the public; but these testimonies to the merit of the author were exceeded by the love and deference bestowed on the man. Sir Richard Steele, with all his frank generosity, was jealous of Tickell's place in the heart of their common friend, to whom Tickell's elegiac tribute has been justly pronounced one of the most feeling and graceful memorials of departed excellence in English verse. When Budgell, a contributor to the *Spectator*, became a suicide, he endeavored to justify the rash act by the example and reasoning of Addison's *Cato*. When Pope turned his satirical muse upon the gentle essayist, he polished the terms and modified the censure, as if involuntary respect chastened the spirit of ridicule. Dryden welcomed him to the ranks of literature, and Boileau greeted him with praise on his first visit to France. Throughout his life, the distinction he gained by mental aptitude and culture was confirmed by integrity and geniality of character. Even party rancor yielded to the moral dignity and kindness of Addison; and his opponents, when in power, respected his intercession, and would not suffer difference of opinion to chill their affection. Lady Montagu thought his company delightful. Lord Chesterfield declared him the most modest man he

had ever seen. When he called Gay to his bedside and asked forgiveness, with his dying breath, for some unrecognized negligence with regard to that author's interest, the latter protested, with tearful admiration, that he had nothing to pardon and everything to regret. Swift's jealousy of Addison is an emphatic proof of his merit;—the literary gladiator, unsatisfied with his triumphs, obviously turned a jaundiced eye upon the literary artist, whose object was social reform and intellectual diversion, instead of party warfare and intolerant satire. "I will not," said the cynical Dean, "meddle with the Spectator, let him *fair sex* it to the world's end." The allusion to the improvement of women, to which this new form of literature so effectually ministered, is unfortunate, as coming from a man who, at the very time, was ruthlessly trifling with the deepest instincts of the female heart. Woman is, indeed, indebted to Addison and his fraternity, for giving a new impulse to her better education, and a more generous scope to her intellectual tastes. So much was this aim and result of the Spectator recognized, that Goldoni, in one of his comedies, alludes to a female philosopher as made such by the habitual perusal of it. Johnson's observations on Addison are reverent, as well as critical; he pays homage to his character, and advises all who desire to acquire a pure English style, to make a study of his writings. Nor have such tributes ceased with the fluctuations of taste and the progress of time. Of all the eloquent illustrations of English literary character which Macaulay's brilliant rhetoric has yielded, not one glows with a warmer appreciation, or more discriminating, yet lofty praise, than the beautiful Essay on Addison's Life and Writings, prefixed to the edition before us, which is the most complete and best annotated that has yet appeared.

All the early editions were based upon Tickell's, which was the first published by authority. Subsequent issues differed only in some additional material,—as, in one case, the play of "The Drummer," and, in another, the "Comparison of Ancient and Modern Learning,"—until Bishop Hurd's edition made its appearance. He was too exclusively a polemic and verbal critic to be a desirable editor of Addison. Many of his notes are like the corrections which a schoolmaster makes

in a boy's theme. As this edition, however, has been a standard one, the American publisher has perhaps wisely made it the basis of the present; and his choice of an editor is amply justified by the admirable notes appended to the text. The American editor's extensive classical and historical knowledge has enabled him to supply omissions, to explain incongruities, and to illustrate, by reference to the times of Addison, the significance and point of many of his allusions. In these handsome volumes, we have, in addition to the more familiar writings of the author, "The Old Whig," never before included in his works; and to make this more intelligible, Steele's "Plebeian," to which it is a reply, is added. Both of these series of papers are very rare. Johnson had never seen them. All the letters of Addison that could be discovered have also been collected; and thus we have, for the first time, in a single work, the entire published writings of this favorite British classic. The volumes are neatly printed, but, not being of uniform size, are somewhat inconvenient, and the engraved portrait is unworthy of the work; though in all other respects the edition reflects the highest credit on the judgment of the publisher and the literary skill of the editor.

The new edition of the *Spectator*, named at the head of this article, is one of the best specimens of typography that has lately appeared; and the work supplies a desideratum, there having been previously no handsome edition of this standard periodical in the book-market. We are gratified to record these instances of good taste and conservative enterprise; and the ready sale which both works have found is a hopeful sign of the times, and evinces a general integrity of appreciation in relation to what is truly excellent in English literature, which should rebuke the less graceful and more piquant school of writers at present so much in vogue.

The tranquil and religious atmosphere of an English parsonage chastened the early days of Addison; and although a few traditions indicate that he was given to youthful pranks, it is evident that the tenor of his character was remarkably thoughtful and reserved. During his ten years' residence at Oxford, he was a devoted and versatile student, and it is to the discipline of classical acquirements that we owe the fastid-

ious correctness of his style. The mastery he obtained over the Latin tongue revealed to him the nice relations between thought and language; and he wrote English with the simplicity, directness, and grace which still render the *Spectator* a model of prose composition. Seldom has merely correct and tasteful verse, however, been so lucrative as it proved to him. His Latin poems first secured his election to Magdalen College; his translations of a part of the *Georgics*, and their inscription to Dryden, drew from that veteran author the warmest recognition; his poem to King William obtained for him the patronage of Lord Somers, Keeper of the Great Seal, to whom it was addressed; his poetical epistle to Montagu from Italy was but the graceful acknowledgment of the Chancellor's agency in procuring him a pension of three hundred pounds; his poem of "The Campaign," written at the request of Lord Godolphin, to celebrate the victory of Hochstadt, gained him the office of Commissioner of Appeals; and thenceforth we find him appointed to successive and profitable offices, from that of Keeper of the Records in Birmingham's Tower, to that of Secretary of State, from which he retired with a pension of fifteen hundred pounds. Besides official visits to Hanover and Ireland, soon after his literary qualifications had won him the patronage of Halifax, he made a tour abroad, remained several months at Blois to perfect himself in French, mingled with the best circles of Paris, Rome, and Geneva, and surveyed the historical scenes of the Italian peninsula with the eyes of a scholar. These opportunities to study mankind and to observe nature were not lost upon Addison. He was ever on the alert for an original specimen of humanity, and interested by natural phenomena, as well as cognizant of local associations derived from a thorough knowledge of Roman authors. We can imagine no culture more favorable to the literary enterprise in which he subsequently engaged, than this solid basis of classical learning, followed by travel on the Continent, where entirely new phases of scenery, opinions, and society were freely revealed to his intelligent curiosity, and succeeded by an official career that brought him into responsible contact with the realities of life. Thus enriched by his lessons of experience and disciplined by

accurate study, when Addison first sent over from Ireland a contribution to his friend Steele's *Tatler*, he unconsciously opened a vein destined to yield intellectual refreshment to all who read his vernacular language, and to ally his name to the most agreeable and useful experiment in modern literature.

Never did the art of writing prove a greater personal blessing than to Addison. His knowledge, wit, and taste were not at his oral command, except in the society of intimate friends; the presence of strangers destroyed his self-possession, and as a public speaker he failed through constitutional diffidence. Yet no one excelled him in genial and suggestive conversation. The fluency and richness of his colloquial powers were alike remarkable; but the world knew him only as a respectable poet and scholar and a faithful civic officer, until the *Spectator* inaugurated that peculiar kind of literature which seemed expressly made to give scope to such a nature as his. There he talked on paper in association with an imaginary club, and under an anonymous signature. No curious eyes made his tongue falter; no pert sarcasm brought a flush to his cheek. In the calm exercise of his benign fancy and wise criticism, he made his daily comments upon the fashion, literature, and characters of the day, with all the playful freedom of coffee-house discussion, united to the thoughtful style of private meditation. Thus his sensitive mind had full expression, while his native modesty was spared; and the *Spectator* was his confessional, where he uttered his thoughts candidly in the ear of the public, without being awed by its obvious presence. Taste, and not enthusiasm, inspired Addison; hence his slender claim to the title of a poet. His rhymes, even when faultless and the vehicles of noble thoughts, rarely glow with sentiment; they are usually studied, graceful, correct, but devoid of poetic significance; and yet, owing to the dearth of poetry in his day and the partialities incident to friendship and to faction, Addison enjoyed an extensive reputation as a poet. There are beautiful turns of expression in his "Letter from Italy,"—usually considered the best of his occasional poems; the famous simile of the angel and some animated rhetoric redeem "The Campaign" from entire mediocrity; and scholars will find numerous instances of felici-

tous rendering into English verse, in his translations. Yet these incidental merits do not give Addison any rank in the highest department of literature to readers familiar with Burns and Byron, Coleridge and Wordsworth. He was an eloquent rhymers, but no legitimate votary of the Muse. It is the dying soliloquy of "Cato" alone that now survives; and yet few English tragedies, of modern date, were introduced with such eclat or attended by more tributary offerings. Pope, Steele, and Dr. Young sounded its praises in verse; the Whig party espoused it as a classic embodiment of liberal principles; and its production has been called the grand climacteric of Addison's reputation. On the night of its first representation, we are told that the author "wandered behind the scenes with restless and unappeasable solicitude." So far as immediate success may be deemed a test of ability, he had reason to be satisfied with the result. The play was acted at London and Oxford, for many nights, with great applause. "Cato," writes Pope, "was not so much the wonder of Rome in his days, as he is of Britain in ours." What revolutions in public taste have since occurred; and how difficult is it to reconcile the admiration this drama excited with the subsequent appreciation of Shakespeare! Even as a classic play, how inferior in beauty of diction, grandeur of sentiment, and richness of metaphor, to the Grecian theme which the lamented Talfourd vitalized with Christian sentiment and arrayed in all the charms of poetic art! Neither the fifty guineas that Bolingbroke presented to the actor who personated Cato, nor the Prologue of Pope, could buoy up this lifeless, though scholarly performance, on the tide of fame. The whole career of Addison as a writer of verse yields new evidence of the inefficacy of erudition, taste, and even a sense of the beautiful, and good literary judgment, where poetry is the object. There must be a divine instinct, a fervor of soul, "an idea dearer than self," or the mechanism of verse is alone produced.

Addison was not a man of ardent feelings. The emotional in his nature was checked and chilled by prudence, by discipline, and by reflection. We can discover but one native sentiment that glowed in his heart to a degree which justified its poetical expression, and that is devotion. Compare

his hymns — evidently the overflowing of gratitude, trust, and veneration — with his frigid drama and his political verses. There is a genuine and a memorable earnestness in these religious odes. They were the offspring of his experience, prompted by actual states of mind, and accordingly they still find a place in our worship and linger in our memories. “The earliest compositions that I recollect taking any pleasure in,” says Burns in a letter to Dr. More, “were ‘The Vision of Mirza,’ and a rhyme of Addison’s, beginning ‘How are thy servants blest, O Lord!’ I particularly remember one half-stanza, which was music to my boyish ear: —

“For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave.”

The hymn referred to was suggested by the writer’s providential escape during a fearful storm encountered on the coast of Italy.

An able critic remarks, that the love scenes are the worst in “Cato”; and there is no rhymers of the time who exhibits so little interest in the tender passion. In “The Drummer” and “Rosamond” there are indications of a playful invention and fanciful zest, which, like the most characteristic passages of the Spectator, evince that Addison’s best vein was the humorous and the colloquial. In this his individuality appears, and the man shines through the scholar and courtier. We forget such prosaic lines as

“But I ’ve already troubled you too long,”

with which he closes his “Letter from Italy,” and think of him in the more vivid phase of a kindly censor and delightful companion.

The “Dialogues on Medals” is the most characteristic of Addison’s works prior to the Spectator. The subject, by its classical associations, elicited his scholarship and gratified his taste. Regarding “medallic history” as “a kind of printing before the art was invented,” he points out the emblematic and suggestive meaning of coins with tact and discrimination, and illustrates the details of numerous medals by reference to the Latin poets. In the style we recognize those agreeable turns of thought and graces of language which soon

afterward made the author so famous in periodical literature. His contemplative mind found adequate hints in these authentic memorials of the past, and it was evidently a charming occupation to infer from the garlands, games, costume, ships, columns, and physiognomies, thus preserved on metal, the history of the wars and individuals commemorated. His numerous translations, political essays, and letters are now chiefly interesting as illustrative of the transitions of public opinion, and the studies and social relations of the author. In his "Remarks on Italy" there are curious facts, which the traveller of our day may like to compare with those of his own experience. The tone of the work is pleasant; but its *specialité* is classical allusion, and to modern taste it savors of pedantry. The comparative absence of earnest poetical feeling is manifest throughout. The reader who has wandered over the Italian peninsula with Childe Harold or Corinne, finds Addison rather an unattractive *cicerone*. It is remarkable that he was so rarely inspired, during the memorable journey, by those associations which the master-spirits of Italian and English literature have thrown around that classic land. At Venice he is not haunted by "the gentle lady wedded to the Moor," nor does the noble Portia rise to view; he passes through Ferrara without a thought of Tasso or Ariosto; and at Ravenna, does not even allude to the tomb of Dante. He seems to have looked upon Fiesole oblivious of Milton, and passed through Verona heedless of Juliet's tomb. The saints and Latin authors won his entire regard. He copied a sermon of St. Anthony, at Bologna, and a letter of Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn, in the Vatican. His observations on local characteristics, however, are intelligent; he was the first English writer to describe San Marino; and, to appreciate this work, we should remember that it was published before the age of guide-books and steam, and in accordance with the taste for classical learning and the need of information then prevalent.

To the majority of readers, at this day, the Spectator is doubtless a tame book. They miss in its pages the rapid succession of incidents, the melodramatic display, and the rhetorical vivacity which distinguish modern fiction and criticism. Life is more crowded with events and the world of

opinion more diversified, society is more complex, and knowledge more widely diffused, than at that day, and therefore a greater intensity marks the experience of the individual and the products of literature. But it is in this very direction that popular taste is at fault; the over-action, the moral fever and restlessness of the times, have infected writers as well as readers. Both are dissatisfied with the natural and the genuine, and have recourse to artificial stimulants and conventional expedients; and these are as certain to react unfavorably in habits of thought and in authorship, as in scientific and practical affairs. It is to this tendency to conform the art of writing to the standard of a locomotive and experimental age that we ascribe the tricks of penmanship so much in vogue.

Constable, the painter, used to complain of the *bravura* style of landscape,—the attempt to do something beyond truth,—and he defined the end of art to be the union of imagination with nature. This is equally true of literature. It is now faint praise to apply such epithets as “quiet,” “thoughtful,” and “discriminating” to a book; but is it not the very nature of written thought and sentiment to address the contemplative and emotional nature through the calm attention of the reader? Can we appreciate the merits, even of a picture, without a long and patient scrutiny; or enter into the significance of an author, without abstracting the mind from bustle, excitement, and care? A receptive mood is as needful as an eloquent style. *Paradise Lost* was never intended to be read in a rail-car, nor the *Life of Washington* to be written in the form of a melodrama.

An author or reader whose taste was formed on the Addisonian or even the Johnsonian model, would be puzzled at the modifications our vernacular has undergone; the introversion of phrases, the coining of words, the mystical expressions, the aphoristic and picturesque style adopted by recent and favorite writers would strike the novice, as they do every reader of unperverted taste, as intolerable affectations or mere verbal inventions to conceal poverty of ideas. The more original a man's thought is, the more direct is its utterance. Genuine feeling seeks the most simple expression. Just in proportion as what is said comes from the individual's own

mind and heart, is his manner of saying it natural. Accordingly, the verbal ingenuity of many popular writers of the day is a presumptive evidence of their want of originality. Truth scorns disguise, and an author, as well as any other man, who is in earnest, relies upon his thought, and not its attire. The priceless merit of Addison is his fidelity to this law of simplicity and directness of language; and those who cannot revert to his pages with satisfaction may justly suspect the decadence of their literary taste. The true lover of nature, when released awhile from the crowd and turmoil of metropolitan life, rejoices, as he stands before a rural scene, to find his sense of natural beauty and his relish of calm retirement unimpaired by the pleasures and the business of the town. His mind expands, his heart is soothed, and his whole self-consciousness elevated, by the familiar and endeared, though long-neglected landscape. Thus is it with books. If we have remained true to the fountains of "English undefiled" amid the glaring and spasmodic allurements of later authors, the tranquil tone, the clear diction, and the harmonized expression of Addison will affect us like the permanent effulgence of a star when the flashing curve of a rocket has gone out in darkness. There are in the style of writing, as well as in the economy of life, conservative principles; and the return to these, after repeated experiments, is the best evidence of their value. Already a whole group of writers of English prose, whose books had an extraordinary sale and a fashionable reputation, are quite neglected. When libraries are founded or standard books desired, the intelligent purveyor ignores these specimens of galvanized literature, and chooses only writings that have a vital basis of fact or language. This quality is the absolute condition of the permanent popularity of books in our vernacular tongue. There is a certain honesty in its very structure, which recoils from artifice as the presage of decay. The manliness, the truth, and the courage of the Anglo-Saxon race exact these traits in their literature. Coarseness, such as deforms De Foe's graphic stories, elaborate phrases, like those that give an elephantine movement to Dr. Johnson's style, fanciful conceits, such as occasionally dwarf the eloquence of Jeremy Taylor, are all defects that are referable

to the age or the temperament of the respective authors, and do not, in the least, affect the reality of their fame, which rests on a sincere, original, and brave use of their mother tongue ; but when inferior minds attempt to perpetuate commonplace sentiments or borrowed thoughts in a harlequin guise made up of shreds and patches of the English language, joined together by a foreign idiom or a mosaic of new and unauthorized words, the experiment is repudiated, sooner or later, by the *veto* of instinctive good taste.

Addison commenced writing when literature was mainly sustained by official patronage,—in the age of witty coteries, of elegant dedications. Chiefly in political and scholarly circles were the votaries of letters to be found. The *Spectator* widened the range of literature, rendering it a domestic enjoyment and a social agency ; it organized a lay priesthood, and gradually infused the elements of philosophy and taste into conversation. Although the *Observer* of L'Estrange, the *Rehearsals* of Leslie, and De Foe's *Review*, preceded the *Tatler*, those pioneer essays at periodical writing were mainly devoted to questions of the hour, and to the wants of the masses ; they did not, like the work which Addison's pen made classic, deal with the minor morals, the refinements of criticism, and the niceties of human character. No literary enterprise before achieved exerted so direct an influence upon society, or induced the same degree of individual culture. Its singular adaptation to the English mind is evinced not more by its immediate influence, than by the permanent form of instruction and entertainment it initiated. It was the prolific source of the invaluable array of publications, which reached their acme of excellence in the best days of the *Edinburgh Review* and *Blackwood's Magazine*, and which continue now, in the shape of *Household Words*, and of the choicest monthly and quarterly journals, to represent every school of opinion and class of society, and to illustrate and modify the ways of thinking and the style of expression of two great nations. No works have ever gone so near the sympathies of unprofessional readers, or reflected more truly the life and thought of successive eras ; none have enlisted

such a variety of talent, or more genially tempered and enlightened the common mind.

When the *Spectator* flourished, the stern inelegance of the Puritan era and the profligate tone which succeeded it, yet lingered around the written thought of England; while the French school represented by Congreve, the coarseness and spite of Swift, and the unsparing satire of Pope, frequently made literary talent the minister of unhallowed passions and depraved taste. To all this the pure and benign example of Addison was a delightful contrast: his censorship was tempered with good feeling, his expression untainted with vulgarity; he was familiar, without losing refinement of tone; he used language as a crystal medium to enshrine sense, and not as a grotesque costume to hide the want of it; he was above the conceits of false wit, and too much of a Christian to profane his gifts; in a word, he wrote like a gentleman and a scholar, and yet without the fine airs of the one or the pedantry of the other. He first exposed the lesser incongruities of human conduct, which no law or theology had assailed; he discussed neglected subjects of value and interest; and gave new zest to the common resources of daily life by placing them in an objective light. Then, too, by giving a colloquial tone to writing, he brought it within the range of universal sympathy, and made it a source of previously unimagined pleasure and instruction.

Addison's relation to Steele was one of mutual advantage; for, although the improvidence of "poor Dick" gave his virtuous friend constant anxiety, on the other hand, Sir Richard's easy temper and frank companionship lowered his classic Mentor from stilts, and promoted his access to their common readers. It is obvious that the social tone of the *Spectator* is as much owing to Steele as its grace and humor are to Addison. Indeed, their friendship, like those of Gray and Walpole, Johnson and Goldsmith, and, as a more recent instance, Wilkie and Haydon, was founded on diversity of character. Steele's vivacious temperament and knowledge of the world supplied the author of *Cato* with the glow and aptitude he needed, while the latter's high principle and rigid taste felicitously modified his companion's recklessness. If the one was a

fine scholar, the other was a most agreeable gentleman; if the one was correct, the other was genial; if the one had reliable taste, the other had noble impulses;—so that between them there was a beautiful representative humanity. Macaulay attributes the execution which Addison levied on Steele's house to resentment at his ungrateful extravagance; but the editor of the edition now before us justly modifies, in a note, the extreme language of the text. We think, with him, that Addison's severity, in this instance, was more apparent than real; for he declared that his object was to "awaken him [Steele] from a lethargy which must end in his inevitable ruin." That no alienation occurred is evident from the preface that Steele wrote for his edition of "The Drummer," which is eloquent with love and admiration for his departed friend.

In that delectable creation of Addison, Sir Roger de Coverley, we recognize, as it were, the first outline or cartoon of those studies of character which have since given their peculiar charm to English fictions and essays. In no other literature is discoverable the combination of humor and good sense, of rare virtue and harmless eccentricities, which stamp the best of these productions with an enduring interest. Before the advent of Sir Roger, delicate shades of characterization had not been attempted, satire was comparatively gross, and the excitement of adventure was the chief charm of narrative. But Addison drew, with a benignant yet keen touch, the foibles and the goodness of heart of his ideal country gentleman, and thus gave the precedent whereby the art of the moralist was refined and elevated. Compared, indeed, with subsequent heroes of romance, Sir Roger is a shadowy creature; but none the less lovable for the simple *rôle* assigned him, and the negative part he enacts. He is the legitimate precursor of Squire Western, Parson Adams, the Man of Feeling, and Pickwick. In the portrait gallery of popular English authors, we gratefully hail Addison as the literary ancestor of Fielding, Sterne, Mackenzie, Lamb, Irving, and Dickens. The diversity of their style and the originality of their characters do not invalidate the succession, any more than Leonardo's clear outlines and Raphael's inimitable expression repudiate the claims, as their artistic progenitors, of Giotto and Perugino. It is a curi-

ous experiment, however, to turn from the brilliant characters which now people the domain of the novelist, and revert to this primitive figure, as fresh and true as when first revealed at the breakfast-tables of London in the reign of Queen Anne. Addison thus rescued the lineaments of the original English country gentleman, and kept them bright and genuine for the delight of posterity, ere their individuality was lost in the uniform traits of a locomotive age. It is surprising that features so delicately pictured, incidents so undramatic, and sentiments so free from extravagance, should thus survive intact. It is the nicety of the execution and the harmony of the character that preserve it. Walpole compares Sir Roger to Falstaff, doubtless with reference to the rare humor which stamps and immortalizes both, however diverse in other respects.

We seem to know Sir Roger as a personal acquaintance and an *habitué* of some manorial dwelling familiar to our school days; there is not a whim of his we can afford to lose, or a virtue we would ever cease to honor and love. His choice of a chaplain who would not insult him with Latin and Greek at his own table, and whose excellence as a preacher he secured by a present of "all the good sermons that had been printed,"—his habit of prolonging the psalm-tune a minute after the congregation were hushed, of always engaging on the Thames a bargeman with a wooden leg, of talking pleasantly all the way up stairs to the servant who ushered him into a drawing-room, of "clearing his pipes in good air" by a morning promenade in Gray's Inn Walks, of inquiring as to the strength of the axletree before trusting himself in a hackney-coach, of standing up, before the play, to survey complacently the throng of happy faces,—these and many other peculiarities are to our consciousness like the endeared oddities of a friend, part of his identity, and associated with his memory. Gracefully into the web of Sir Roger's quaint manners did Addison weave a golden thread of sentiment. His relations to his household and tenants, his universal salutations in town, and his "thinking of the widow" in lapses of conversation, are natural touches in this delightful picture. We see him alight and take the spent hare in his arms at the close of a hunt,—shake the *cicerone* at the Abbey by the hand at part-

ing, and invite him to his lodgings to "talk over these matters more at leisure," — chide an importunate beggar, and then give him a sixpence, — order the coachman to stop at a tobacconist's and treat himself to a roll of the best Virginia, — look reverently at Dr. Busby's statue because the famous pedagogue had whipped his grandfather. These anecdotes give reality to the conception. It would not be thoroughly English, however, without a dash of philosophy; and we are almost reconciled to Sir Roger's ill-success in love with "one of those unaccountable creatures that secretly rejoice in the admiration of men, but indulge themselves in no farther consequences," by its influence on his character. "This affliction in my life," says Sir Roger, "has streaked all my conduct with a softness of which I should otherwise have been incapable." We envy the Spectator the privilege of taking this "fine old English gentleman" to the play, and enjoying his "natural criticism"; we honor Addison for his veto upon Steele's attempt to debauch this nobleman of nature, and deem it worthy of a poet to resolve upon his hero's final exit, rather than submit to so base an alternative; and we feel that it would have been quite impossible to listen, at the club, unmoved by the butler's epistle describing his tranquil departure, from the moment he ceased to be able "to touch a sirloin," until the slab of the Coverley vault closed over his remains.

The zest of this favorite creation of Addison is increased by the remembrance we have of a tendency to more spirited life in youth, when Sir Roger went all the way to Grand Cairo to take the measure of a pyramid, fought a duel, and kicked "Bully Dawson." This lively episode brings into strong relief the long years of quiet respectability, when his chief pastime was a game of backgammon with the chaplain, and his architectural enthusiasm was confined to admiration of London Bridge, and a bequest to build a steeple for the village church. His habits are so well known to us, that, if we were to meet him in Soho Square, where he always lodged when in town, we should expect an invitation to take a glass of "Mrs. Trueby's water"; and if the encounter occurred under those trees which shaded his favorite walk at Coverley Hall, we should not feel even a momentary surprise to hear him

instantly begin to talk of the widow. If Steele gave the first hint, and Tickell and Budgell contributed part of the outline, the soul of this character is alone due to Addison; his delicate and true hand gave it color and expression, and therefore unity of effect; and it proved the model lay figure of subsequent didactic writers, upon which hang gracefully the mantles of charity and the robes of practical wisdom. Sir Roger in the country, at the club, the theatre, or at church, in love, and on the bench, was the herald of that swarm of heroes whose situations are made to illustrate the varied circles of society and aspects of life in modern fiction.

It was in the form and relations of literature, however, that Addison chiefly wrought great improvement; and there is reason for the comparative want of interest which his writings excite at the present day, when we pass from the amenities of style to the claims of humanity and of truth. A more profound element lurked in popular writing than the chaste essayist of Queen Anne's day imagined; and since the climax of social and political life realized by the French revolution, questions of greater moment than the speculations of a convivial club, a significance in human existence deeper than the amiable whims of a country gentleman, and phases of society infinitely higher than those involved in criticism on points of manners and taste, have become subjects of popular thought and discussion. Accordingly, there is more earnestness and a greater scope in periodical literature. Minds of a lofty order, sympathies of a deep and philosophic nature, have been enlisted in this sphere. Carlyle, Stephens, Foster, and De Quincey have given it a new character. The copious knowledge and eloquent diction of Macaulay, the rich common-sense and ready wit of Sydney Smith, the brilliant analysis of Jeffrey, the subtile critiques of Hazlitt and Lamb, the exuberant zest of Wilson and a host of other writers, have rendered the casual topics and every-day characters of which the *Spectator* often treats, unimpressive in the comparison. It is therefore mainly as a reformer of style, and as the benevolent and ingenious pioneer of a new and most influential class of writers, that we now honor Addison.

It was at first his intention to enter the clerical profession;

but all of aptitude for that office he possessed found scope and emphasis in his literary career. He ministered effectually at the altar of humanity, not indeed to its deepest wants, but most seasonably, and with rare success. The license and brutality of temper were checked by his kindly censure and pure example; the latent beauties of works of genius were made evident to the general perception; manners were refined, taste promoted, the religious sentiment twined into the daily web of popular literature; while spleen, artifice, vulgarity, and self-love were rebuked by a corps of lay preachers, whose lectures were more influential, because conveyed under the guise of colloquial and friendly hints rather than sermons. Addison gave to literature a respectability which it seldom possessed before. He became the ideal of an author. His studies, observation, and benevolence were turned into a fountain of usefulness and entertainment open to the multitude. He helped to dig the channel which connects the stream of private knowledge with the popular mind, across the isthmus of an aristocracy of birth, of education, and of society; thus creating the grand distinction between the Anglo-Saxon and the Southern European nations, as to intelligence, activity, and the capacity of self-government. It is in this historical point of view, and as related to the improvement of society and the amelioration of literature, that Addison deserves gratitude and respect. He was not a profound original thinker; he did not battle for great truths; timid, modest, yet gifted and graceful, his mission was conservative and humane, rather than bold and creative; yet it was adapted to the times and fraught with blessings.

Addison, therefore, illustrates the amenities, and not the heroism, of literature. The almost feminine grace of his mind was unfavorable to its hardihood and enterprise. Both his virtues and his failings partook of the same character; kindness, prudence, and serenity, rather than courage and generosity, kept him from moral evil, and won for him confidence and love. He was reserved, except when under the influence of intimate companions, or "thawed by wine"; could ill bear rivalry or interference, and even when consulted, would only "hint a fault and hesitate dislike"; and thus in letters and in

life he occupied that safe and pleasant table-land unvexed by the storms that invade mountain heights and craggy sea-shore. Such a man, at subsequent and more agitated epochs in the history of English literature, would have made but little impression upon the thought of the age; but, in his times, an example of self-respect and gentleness, of refinement and Christian sentiment in authorship, had a peculiar value. There are two excellences which have chiefly preserved his influence,—his rare humor, and the peculiar adaptation of his style to periodical literature. Lamb traces the latter, in a degree, to Sir William Temple; but Addison declared that Tillotson was his model. The description of Johnson is characteristic and just: “He is never feeble, and he did not wish to be energetic; he is never rapid, and he never stagnates; his sentences have neither studied amplitude nor affected brevity; his periods, though not diligently rounded, are voluble and easy.” It is, however, the colloquial tone, fusing these qualities into an harmonious whole, that renders Addison’s style at once popular and classic. His conversation was not less admirable than his writing; and when we consider how large a portion of time was given by the English authors of that day to companionship and talk, we can easily imagine how much the habit influenced their pencraft. Both the humor and the colloquialism of the *Spectator* were fostered by social agencies. Addison, says Swift, gave the first example of the proper use of wit; and, as an instance, he remarks, “it was his practice, when he found any man invincibly wrong, to flatter his opinions by acquiescence, and sink them yet deeper into absurdity.”

Even partisan spite could ascribe to Addison no greater faults than fastidiousness, dogmatism, and conviviality; and for these, circumstances afford great excuse. The oracle, as he was, of a club, referred to as the arbiter of literary taste, conscious of superior tact and elegance in the use of language, and impelled by domestic unhappiness to resort to a tavern, we can easily make allowance for the dictatorial opinions and the occasional jollity of “the great Mr. Addison”; and when we compare him with the scurrilous and dissipated writers of his day, he becomes almost a miracle of excellence.

There was in his character, as in his writings, a singular evenness. In politics a moderate Whig, prudent, timid, and somewhat cold in temperament, his kindliness of heart and religious principles, his wit and knowledge, saved from merely negative goodness both the man and the author. Yet a neutral tint, a calm tone, a repugnance to excess in style, in manners, and in opinion, were his characteristics. He lacked emphasis and fire; but their absence is fully compensated by grace, truth, and serenity. It is not only among the mountains and by the sea-shore that Nature hoards her beauty, but also on meadow-slopes and around sequestered lakes; and in like manner human life and thought have their phases of tranquil attraction and genial repose, as well as of sublime and impassioned development.

ART. VI.—1. *Cuba and the Cubans. Comprising a History of the Island of Cuba, its present Social, Political, and Domestic Condition; also its Relation to England and the United States.* New York: Samuel Hueston and George Putnam. 1850.

2. *Letter of Mr. Everett to the Comte de Sartiges. Department of State.* Washington, Dec. 1, 1852. 32d Congress, 2d Session. Senate Ex. Doc., No. 13.

CUBA is fitly called the *Queen of the Antilles*. Proudly does she stretch her long coast, indented with fine harbors, easterly into the broad ocean, and westerly into the very mouth of the Gulf of Mexico, as if intended by Nature to be the motherly protector of the Caribbees and of an immense extent of continental coast. The island is also extraordinarily rich in soil, and very equable and generally salubrious in climate, the sea-breeze springing up in the forenoon with great punctuality as soon as the freshness of the morning has departed, and continuing till the curtain of night shuts out the solar rays. Months may elapse without a sprinkling of rain; and yet there is an elasticity of atmosphere equal to that